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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, May 8, 1804.

☞ *TO READERS.*

IN consequence of the absence of the editor, who is attending court at New-York, the Balance must appear, for a week or two, without the usual proportion of original matter.

Selected.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

" Watchman, what of the night ?"

TO this query of Iſaiah the watchman makes, I think, but a ſimple reply ; and tells the prophet what, if he had the leaſt ſmattering of aſtronomy, he muſt have well known before, " that the morning cometh, and alſo the night." Any old Almanac could have ſaid as much. I think that night, however footy and ill-favoured it may be pronounced by thoſe, who were born under a day-ſtar, merits a more particular deſcription. I feel peculiarly diſpoſed to arrange ſome ideas in favour of this ſeaſon. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits ; they muſt be prominent, indeed, to be diſcerned by the *cloſed* eyes of the ſnorer, who thinks night was made for nothing but ſleep. But the ſtudent and ſage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purpoſes ; and that it not only recruits exhauſted ſpirits, but ſometimes informs inquiſitive, and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to ſermoniſe, while others ſlumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to obſerve various characters at noon, will have but little time, except the night, to digeſt the one or ſpeculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to compoſition, and while the light of the paly planets diſcovers at his deſk the Preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young,

Darkness has much divinity for me.

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near, but the ſilent volumes on his ſhelf, no noiſe abroad but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then ſmoked his ſixth and laſt pipe, and aſks not a queſtion more, concerning Joſephus, or the church. Stillneſs aids ſtudy, and the ſermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can diſcern its dim beauties, my warm heart ſhall feel, and my prompt pen ſhall deſcribe, the uſes and the pleaſures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night ? I can, with propriety, imagine this queſtion addreſſed to myſelf. I am a profeſſed lucubrator, and who ſo well qualified to delineate the ſable hours, as

A meager, muse rid mope, adust and thin.

However injuriouſly night is treated by the ſleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record, as the book of Geneſis, I find that Iſaac, though he devoted his aſſiduous days to action, reſerved ſpeculation till night. 'He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.' He choſe that ſad, that ſolemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The tumults and glare of day ſuited not with the ſorrow of his ſoul. He had loſt his moſt amiable, moſt genuine friend, and his unoſtentatious grief was eager to privacy and ſhade. Sincere ſorrow rarely ſuffers its tears to be ſeen. It was natural for Iſaac to ſelect a ſeaſon to weep in, which ſhould reſemble 'the colour of his fate.' The darkneſs, the ſolemnity, the ſtillneſs of eve, were favorable to his melancholy purpoſe. He forſook, therefore, the buſtling tents of his father, the pleaſant 'ſouth country,' and 'well of Lahairoi,' he went out and penſively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philoſophers firmly believed that 'the dead of midnight is the noon of thought.' One of them is beautifully deſcribed by the poet, as ſoliciting knowledge from the ſkies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme, nor his nightly walks were forſaken till the ſun appeared, and dimmed his 'nobler intellectual beam.' We undoubtedly owe to the ſtudious nights of the ancients, moſt of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was neceſſary that every man of letters ſhould trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the Forum or the Circus, but the night was the ſeaſon for the ſtateſman to project his ſchemes, and for the poet to pour his verſe. Night has likewiſe, with great reaſon, been conſidered, in every age, as the aſtronomer's day. Young obſerves, with energy, that 'an undevout aſtronomer is mad.' The priviledge of contemplating thoſe brilliant and numerous myriads of planets, which bedeck our ſkies, is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bleſs that ſeaſon, when we are indulged

with ſuch a gorgeous diſplay of glittering and uſeful radiance. It muſt be confeſſed that the ſecluſion, calmneſs, and tranquillity of midnight, is moſt friendly to ſerious and even airy contemplations. Milton, in one of his poems, ſays fervently,

> Let my lamp, at midnight hour
> Be ſeen in ſome high lofty tower,
> . . . . . To unfold
> What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
> Th' immortal mind, that hath forſook
> Her manſion in this fleſhy nook.

The rigid Dr. Johnſon was convinced that late hours were auxiliary to the *feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul*, that he uſed to declare, 'no man, but a ſcoundrel, went to bed before midnight.' This expreſſion was, perhaps, too ſtrong, and he would not have uſed it, had he lived in a farm houſe. But his love of the converſation of men of letters, and his experience that Fancy is generally moſt wakeful, when Dullneſs ſleeps, tempted him to employ a phraſe which muſt ſtartle every laborer, who, by mere laſſitude of limbs, is compelled early to retire.

Night being friendly to playful, no leſs to metaphyſical and abſtract thought, not only the author and ſtatesman watch, but likewiſe the ſons of ſociability and glee. Thoſe, who 'eat the bread of carefulneſs,' go ſoon to bed, to digeſt their meal, and leave the darkened hours to be employed by men of genius, or waſted by men of pleaſure. St. Paul avers that they that be drunken, are drunken in the night, and I know that its broad mantle is frequently employed to cover exceſs from the world. Still the arrival of night is greeted by many, who is neither to ſleep, nor drink it away. Converſation often holds a levee at midnight, and Wit, Sentiment, and Song, like the Fairies, aſſemble and ſport before the cock crow. I think it treaſonable to this ſable power, who holds divided empire with day, conſtantly to ſhut our eyes at her approach. To long ſleep I am decidedly a foe. As it is expreſſed by a quaint writer, we ſhall all have enough of that in the grave. Thoſe, who cannot break the ſilence of night by vocal throat, or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to diſturb it with a ſnore. But he, among my readers, who poſſeſſes the power of fancy and ſtrong thought, ſhould be vigilant as a watchman. Let him ſleep abundantly for health, but ſparingly for ſloth. It is better, ſometimes, to conſult a page of philoſophy than the pillow.

AN ignorant, mercenary, and ſervile crew; unanimous in evil; diligent in miſchief, variable in principles, conſtant to flattery, talkers for liberty, but ſlaves to power. *Davenant.*

Political.

FROM THE U. S. GAZETTE.

"MOLE RUIT SUA."

A SLIGHT acquaintance with the hiſtory and character of mankind, will enable us to perceive with what facility they are duped by appearances that are flattering to themſelves; with what avidity they catch at objects that are gratifying to their vanity, or conducive to their power; and with what readineſs they aſcribe momentous changes in politics or government to their own wiſdom and importance. The truth of this aſſertion is particularly and ſtrikingly exemplified in the triumph and ſatisfaction which has been generally diffuſed throughout this country on the acquiſition of Louiſiana, in the viſionary ſchemes to which this event has given birth; and in the unmerited reputation which it has conferred on the preſent adminiſtration.

Let us conſider for a moment the preſent ſituation of Europe, and we ſhall find in the wild ambition of the Firſt Conſul, in the weakneſs of his marine eſtabliſhment, and in his preſſing demands for pecuniary ſupplies, more reaſonable cauſes for the ceſſion of Louiſiana, than in the ſagacity and foreſight of our own government. Obſerve with what rapidity the French poſſeſſions in the Weſt-Indies were ſucceſſively wreſted from them by the naval force of Britain. The ſame power could with equal facility have gained poſſeſſion of New-Orleans. Aware of this, the crafty conſul accepted, with eagerneſs, an offer which anſwered the triple purpoſe of relieving his embarraſſed ſituation, of procuring the friendſhip of America, and of preſerving from the enemy an important portion of his dominions. This was indeed a maſter ſtroke, and in perfect conſiſtence with the character of Bonaparte. Yet have we aſcribed the whole merit of the tranſaction, if indeed it be meritorious, to the ſapience of our worthy preſident. To ſhew the fallacy of this opinion, we need only ſuppoſe the ſituation of affairs to be reverſed, we need only imagine France to be at peace with Great Britain, and in poſſeſſion of Louiſiana. Is it probable, that in ſuch circumſtances, ſhe would exchange the poſſeſſion of a country, important in itſelf, and of ſtill greater conſequence from its ſituation, for fifteen millions of dollars? Can it be ſuppoſed that ſhe would exchange an extenſive territory, including one of the moſt valuable commercial towns in America, a territory which would ſerve as a check and a balance to the Britiſh eſtabliſhments in this country, for ſo trifling a conſideration? You admit the abſurdity of the ſuppoſition, and you admit all that is required. If any other circumſtances than the preſent, the French nation would reject our terms, certainly their acceding to them now muſt be attributed, not to our wiſdom and foreſight, but to their peculiar ſituation.

I am but little diſpoſed, in the next place, to admit the probability of thoſe happy conſequences which, it is ſaid, will reſult to our country from this ſingular purchaſe. In thus departing from the opinion of the majority, I am actuated by no malicious wiſh of injuring what I am unable to enjoy, by no captious deſire of depreciating a tranſaction in which I had no ſhare. My obſervations may poſſibly be erroneous, but they ſhall certainly be candid.

It is obſerved with great juſtice by an eminent eſſayiſt,* that "though free governments have been commonly the moſt happy for thoſe who partake of their freedom, yet are they the moſt ruinous and oppreſſive to their provinces." In the preſent inſtance, however, it would produce no effect to inſiſt on this important truth; it would be needleſs to conſider the conſequences that will reſult to the purchaſed themſelves, the indignation they muſt feel againſt their maſters, the unwillingneſs with which they muſt paſs under ſo galling a yoke, the repugnance they will conceive to manners ſo totally different from their own, and the eagerneſs with which they will again embrace thoſe to which they have been hitherto accuſtomed. Theſe conſiderations are too trivial, when put in competition with the grandeur of this country and the popularity of its rulers. I proceed, then, to offer only one or two reflections on the probable influence of this purchaſe on the United States.

It would require, certainly, but a ſlight attention to the relative ſituations of this country and the great rival nations of Europe, to be convinced that the intereſts of the former can be moſt effectually maintained by declining any interference in the political tranſactions of the latter. By the purchaſe of Louiſiana, our government has opened the ſcene of thoſe future misfortunes, which riſe in diſtant proſpect to the view of every impartial and reflecting man. However open, however juſt, however generous our conduct may be, it is impoſſible that we can avoid a rupture with the haughty Uſurper, whom no earthly conſideration can deter from attempting the recovery of a country, which only the moſt particular ſituation could have induced him to relinquiſh. This conſequence is but little dreaded by the citizens of this country, but it is one which the aſpiring and inſidious character of the firſt

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* HUME.

conſul, which his conduct towards all other nations in ſimilar circumſtances, and which the diſcontent of the people under our government, and their undiſguiſed partiality to France, render more than probable.

The enlargement of territory, ſo captivating to ſhort ſighted politicians, who are either dazzled by the falſe ſplendour of the event, or devoted at all hazards to the intereſt of their party, is, in fact, a moſt material and a moſt lamentable evil. Our country is already ſufficiently, perhaps more than ſufficiently, extenſive, and an increaſe of territory is a misfortune moſt ſeriouſly to be dreaded, as it ſpreads our ſcattered population over a ſtill greater ſurface, as it divides the intereſts of the community, as it looſens the common bonds of affection which ſhould link the citizens together, as it weakens the power of the general government, and as it has a manifeſt and direct tendency to the diſunion of the ſtates. I am well aware of the immenſe importance of New-Orleans, that it had become neceſſary for us to be its maſters at almoſt any price, and were our purchaſe confined to this ſingle city, I ſhould deem it infinitely more advantageous to the United States than, with the addition of ſo vaſt a territory.—All the advantages which we can poſſibly expect to gain now, would, in that caſe be as eaſily obtained, all the dangers which threaten us at preſent from foreign encroachment would be leſſened becauſe we ſhould have leſs to defend, and thoſe that will infallibly ſpring from domeſtick diſſention would ceaſe to have exiſtence.

HARMODIUS.

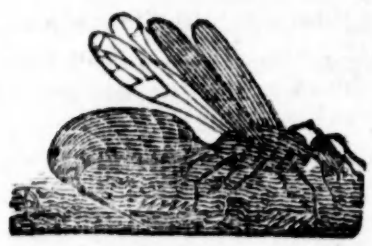
FROM THE SAME.

WE republiſh the following article from the Boſton Repertory merely that it may ſtand on record for future time; for as regarding the preſent, it will be uſeleſs. Sad experience has evinced, that the firſt officer in our government may pour forth the moſt bitter revilings on the ſacred inſtitutions of religion, and ſtill enjoy the homage of the American people! With this fact before them, good men can expect nothing favorable from the preſent; they can only hope, that the time may come when our chief ruler ſhall obtain no merit for the groſſneſs of his immoralities and the boldneſs of his blaſphemies. For the benefit of our countrymen of that period, let the following fact be recorded.

MR. JEFFERSON'S IMPIETY.

We are ſorry that on a ſubject of the moſt ſacred nature, we find our relation connected with particulars, in themſelves ludicrous. This is not voluntary on our part—it ariſes from the facts themſelves; and if the Preſident at the ſame time forgot his own dignity, and the reſpect which Chriſtians eſteem due to their holy ordinances, we cannot fol ow him to his degradation and ſhun the embarraſſing con nection. We have already informed our readers that when the bakers at Waſhington depoſited the enormous loaf in the capital, they bro't with it caſks of cider and wine. While the Preſident of the United States was in the midſt of the motley crew who came to enjoy this feſtival, he ſneeringly compared the unhallowed bread and wine which were then the ſubjects of his diſgraceful entertainment, to the ſacred ſymbols of our Redeemer's ſacrifice.

Reader—we confeſs this charge is ſhocking—we tremble while penning it—but we have not ventured this ſtatement without evidence.



Editor's Closet.

" TRUTH IN EVIDENCE."

It is amuſing to ſee to what paltry evaſions the democrats are compelled to reſort, to conceal the real truth from the people. Reams of paper have been waſted, gallons of ink have been ſquandered, and millions of lies have been told, to make the world believe that our genuine republicans are friends to the freedom of the preſs; when, unfortunately for them, their whole conduct, every act of their lives, proves directly the contrary. Democrats condemned the ſedition law For what reaſon? Becauſe it puniſhed falſhood and protected truth. They advocate the common law. Why? Becauſe it puniſhes truth more ſeverely than falſhood. And yet the hypocritical knaves pretend that they are the friends to the freedom of the preſs! In this they appear full as conſiſtent as the drunken magiſtrate, who *ſwore by God* he would allow of no profane language in his hearing.

I have before offered ſome remarks on the conduct of our ſtate legiſlature, reſpecting the freedom of the preſs, &c. But I have not yet done with the ſubject. Although I find it is extremely grating to the ears of all *genuine* republicans—Although at the very mention of it, they ſcowl and look angry and ſay many cruel things—ſtill they muſt and ſhall hear it—they ſhall ſee it, or deſist from reading my paper. If they will wage war againſt truth, they ſhall have all the credit of it.—I have ſuffered too much by the prevalence of the democratic notions concerning the freedom of the preſs, to remain a *ſilent* ſpectator of paſſing events.

To thoſe who are not well acquainted with the nature and principles of democrats, it may appear ſtrange, that a whole ſeſſion of the legiſlature has been permitted to ſlip away, without any means having been taken to ſecure the liberty of the preſs, although a bill was introduced for the purpoſe, by a federaliſt at an early day. I ſay this may appear extraordinary to thoſe who do not know that the democrats have ever been the ſteady and determined enemies to the freedom of ſpeech and of the preſs. But to thoſe who have probed democrats to the heart—to thoſe who know them well—to thoſe who have narrowly watched all their turnings and windings—all their tricks and evaſions—all their lies and hypocriſy—theſe things do not ſeem wonderful.—Do you think, honeſt reader, that democrats will ever permit you to ſpeak the truth of them? No, never! eſpecially if they can ſnatch from the tomb of oblivion or rake from the aſhes of antiquity, any old law or precedent which will ſeem to juſtify them in preventing it.

Our Hudſon democrats, who think they are in duty bound to approve of every thing their maſters do, have been compelled to change their ſentiments about the liberty of the preſs, as often as the wind ſhifts. Finally, juſt at the eve of the election, they reſorted to their old expedient of lying, and roundly aſſerted that a law had paſſed allowing the truth to be given in evidence. With a mixture of anxiety and pleaſure, we immediately ſearched the liſt of Acts paſſed by the legiſlature, and found no ſuch bill recorded. We therefore took the earlieſt opportunity to contradict the falſhood.—But democrats were not thus to be ſilenced. Adopting Duane's maxim, that 'a lie well ſtood to, is as good as truth,' they perſiſted in aſſerting that the law had paſſed. The law, they ſaid, had paſſed both houſes of the legiſlature—but—but—it had not become a law?—It had paſſed—but then it had not paſſed—that is, it got through the legiſlature, but it was too late, and it never was returned from the council of reviſion, and, of courſe, it could not become a law until next ſeſſion, or next age, or next century, or the Lord knows when.—Now, reader, did you ever witneſs a more ſhallow artifice? Did you ever hear of ſo paltry a piece of knavery and hypocriſy? And yet democrats can tell you this ſtory, and think you are fooliſh enough to believe it. A long winter's ſeſſion has ſlipped away, and your legiſlature has neglected to paſs a law which is more eſſential to your liberties than all the laws they have paſſed beſides: And their tools and hirelings tell you it was for want of time; or, what is the ſame thing, that the bill was paſſed too late to become a law.

But this is not the worſt of it. To make the ſtory the more ridiculous—to make the lie the more palpable and wicked—they have the hardihood to pretend that *federaliſts* prevented the paſſing of the law. This lie is ſo groſs, that it ought to make even democrats bluſh.—It is well known, there were but thirteen federaliſts in the aſſembly, a much leſs number in the ſenate, and but one in the council of reviſion. On examining the minutes, it will be found that the federaliſts through the whole, were the decided advocates of the law. But, enough for the preſent.—The ſubject will be reſumed hereafter.—

Agricultural.

EXTRACT.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

IMPROVEMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

DESCRIPTION of the Companion or Gang Ploughs, invented by Mr. Job Smith, of N. York ſtate, perhaps the greateſt improvement on agriculture that ever yet has been exhibited in the United States now appears to the public view.

The Companion Plough is calculated to turn two furrows at once, either to the right or left, and will require, in breaking up ſward ground, two yoke of oxen, or equal ſtrength of horſes. This plough will perform double the work, with the ſame team and in the ſame ſpace of time, that any ſingle plough yet invented can do: while it ſaves the labor of two men. The expence of the plough does but very little exceed the ordinary ploughs, and is about equal, or rather leſs in weight. It is calculated to work a ſingle furrow like ordinary ploughs, or double as the planter may chooſe: and is fitter for all kinds of land. In croſs ploughing or feeding, it requires only the ordinary ſtrength of team.

The Gang Plough is calculated for croſs ploughing and feeding only—and turns from two to ſix furrows at the ſame time. It will require three horſes or the ſtrength of three, to work it with eaſe; but it ſaves the ordinary labor of ſix men.

Mr. Smith has depoſited the original plan of theſe ploughs at the office of the Department of State, and ſecured the patent right. A complete plough on the conſtruction above deſcribed, will be ſeen in Georgetown at Mr. Barney's, in a few days.

The gang plough is made on the ſame conſtruction as the companion-plough.

The inventor believes the advantages the public will receive from this improvement will engage their patronage to the works.

Avoid the eye that diſcovers with rapidity the bad, and is ſlow to ſee the good.

Monitorial Department.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

EXTRACT.

ON THE ART OF THINKING.

(CONTINUED.)

6. CAST out all *wild* and *extravagant* thoughts, all *vain* and *fantaſtical* imaginations. Suffer not your thoughts to roam upon things that never were, and perhaps never will be; to give you a viſionary pleaſure in the proſpect of what you have not the leaſt reaſon to hope, or a needleſs pain in the apprehenſion of what you have not the leaſt reaſon to fear. The truth is, next to a clear conſcience and a ſound judgment, there is not a greater bleſſing than a *regular* and *well governed imagination;* to be able to view things as they are, in their true light and proper colours; and to diſtinguiſh the falſe images that are painted on the fancy, from the repreſentations of truth and reaſon. For how common a thing is it for men, before they are aware, to confound reaſon and fancy, truth and imagination together? To take the flaſhes of the animal ſpirits for the light of evidence? and think they believe things to be true or falſe, when they only *fancy* them to be ſo? and fancy them to be ſo, becauſe they *would have* them ſo? Not conſidering that mere fancy is only the *ignis fatuus* of the mind; which often appears brighteſt, when the mind is moſt covered with darkneſs; and will be ſure to lead them aſtray, who follow it as their guide. Near akin to theſe are,

7. *Romantick* and *chimerical* thoughts. By which I mean that kind of wildfire, which the briſkneſs of the animal ſpirits ſometimes ſuddenly flaſhes on the mind, and excites images that are ſo *extremely* ridiculous and abſurd, that one can ſcarce forbear wondering how they could get admittance. Theſe random flights of the fancy are ſoon gone; and herein differ from that caſtle building of the imagination before mentioned, which is a more ſettled amuſement, but theſe are too incoherent and ſenſeleſs to be of long continuance; and are the maddeſt ſallies, and the moſt ramping reveries of the fancy that can be. I know not whether my reader underſtands *now* what I mean; but if he attentively regards all that paſſes through his mind, perhaps he may hereafter by experience

8. Repel all *impure* and *laſcivious* thoughts; which taint and pollute the mind; and though hid from men, are known to God, in whoſe eyes they are abominable. Our Saviour warns us againſt theſe as a kind of ſpiritual *fornication*, and inconſiſtant with that *purity of heart* which his goſpel requires.

9. Take care how you too much indulge *gloomy* and *melancholy* thoughts. Some are diſpoſed to ſee every thing in the worſt light. A black cloud hangs hovering over their minds; which, when it falls in ſhowers through their eyes, is diſperſed; and all within is ſerene again. This is often purely mechanical; and owing either to ſome fault in the bodily conſtitution, or ſome accidental diſorder in the animal frame. However, one that conſults the peace of his own mind will be upon his guard againſt this, which ſo often robs him of it.

10. On the other hand, let not the imagination be too *ſprightly* and *triumphant*. Some are as unreaſonably exalted, as others are depreſſed; and the ſame perſon at different times often runs into both extremes; according to the different temper and flow of the animal ſpirits. And therefore the thoughts, which ſo eagerly crowd into the mind at ſuch times, ought to be ſuſpected and well guarded; otherwiſe they will impoſe upon our judgments and lead us to form ſuch a notion of ourſelves and of things, as we ſhall ſoon ſee fit to alter, when the mind is in a more ſettled and ſedate frame.

Before we let our thoughts judge of things, we muſt ſet reaſon to judge our thoughts; for they are not always in a proper condition to execute that office. We do not believe the character which a man gives us of another, unleſs we have a good opinion of his own; ſo neither ſhould we believe the verdict which the mind pronounces, till we firſt examine whether it be impartial and unbiaſſed; whether it be in a proper temper to judge, and have proper lights to judge by. The want of this previous act of *ſelf judgment*, is the cauſe of much ſelf deception and falſe judgment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Literary Gleanings.

FOR THE BALANCE.

THE Abbe Gaultier, who was chaplain to the Hoſpital of Incurables at Paris, officiated as Confeſſor to the Abbe Lattaignant and M. de Voltaire. The circumſtance gave birth to the following well-pointed epigram:—

Voltaire and Lattaignant, both of a trade,
To one confeſſor, one confeſſion made;

Of two such penitents it can't avail,
Who the confessor was, or what their tale;
And yet had Gaultier an undoubted claim
To these high honors, this unhop'd for fame;
The cure of two such souls belongs, we own,
To Chaplains of *Incurables* alone.

Voltaire compared the Engliſh to a butt of their own ſtrong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

"Your nation, like your language, ſaid Voltaire, one day to an Engliſhman, is a ſtrange mixture of a variety of others.—When I behold one of your countrymen fond of the tricks and chicane of law, I ſay, there is a Norman, who came over with William the Conqueror. When I ſee another, affable and polite, he has the manners of a Platagenet; or a third, outrageous and brutal, that, ſays I, is a Dane."

Notwithſtanding his enthuſiaſm in behalf of the Engliſh, he confeſſed, there were among them many unſociable and melancholic characters. He one day ſaid to Lord Lyttleton,

Capricious, proud, the self-same axe avails,
To chop off Monarch's heads, or horses tails.

Miscellany.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

PROPOSAL

OF A GENERAL NAME FOR THE U. STATES.

MR. PERSE,

IN caſting my eye over the new edition of Dr. Morſe's *American Gazetteer*, I obſerve by his preface, that he has introduced the word *Fredonia*, as a general name by which to deſignate our country. With a deſign, he ſays, merely to bring the ſubject fairly before the public, he has given an example in the Appendix to his work, to ſhow the convenience of ſuch a name. The author appears to prefer this name to *America* or *Columbia*, only becauſe it "runs more happily though all the variations, important in a generic name." This, I admit, is a weighty conſideration in a *national name;* but an additional one of ſome importance may be derived from the *etymology* of the word.

In an ingenious publication on this ſubject, in the newſpapers ſome time ſince, aſcribed to Dr. MITCHELL of New-York, in which it was propoſed to call our country FREDON, or FREDONIA, the author ſays the word "may mean, a *free-gift;* or any *thing done freely*, or the land of *free privileges and doings*." But in looking into the *Achaiological Gloſſary* of that learned Engliſh law antiquary, Sir HENRY SPELMAN, I found the words *Freda, Fredum, Fredus*, the explanation of which were ſo curious, and, at the ſame time, ſo conſonant to the above ſubject, and to our national denominations, that I have thought it proper to tranſlate the paſſage, and to ſend it to you, with ſome remarks, for publication in your uſeful periodical work. The three words, abovementioned, expreſs preciſely the ſame meaning in the feminine, neuter and maſculine genders. In ancient charters and laws, theſe words ſignified the *fine* or *mulct*, or rather *compoſition money*, or *redemption money*, which an offender paid either to the treaſury, or to the magiſtrate, for the purpoſe of making up the breach, and obtaining his peace.

The fine alſo, which was paid by a delinquent to the king, as a ſatisfaction, or atonement for having violated his peace, was called his *fredum*. As the radical Saxon word *fride* ſignifies "*peace*," the fine paid in all theſe caſes, might be called his *peace-offering*.

This *fredum, mulct*, or *peace-money*, was demanded, as well in caſes of breach of the peace, without force, as with it. For every violation of the king's rule or law was ſaid to be a breach of his peace. Hence a *fredum* was exacted, both from a plaintiff, who brought a frivolous, or tortuous action, *pro falſo clamore;* and from a convict, becauſe of the wrong, which he had perpetrated. And this was his peace-offering, which procured his reconcilement with his ſovereign. This word, my author obſerves, was never current in England, and became obſolete on the continent after the age of the Emperor Frederic II. Now the application of theſe terms of feudal law, as employed in the courts of the middle ages of Europe, to the United States, is obvious and natural.

As an individual of old, who had incurred the diſpleaſure of his lord or ſovereign, paid his *fredum*, and was reſtored to peace again; ſo our nation in the late revolution, not indeed for any fault of theirs, having fallen under the frowns and hoſtile operations of Great Britain, actually paid a large *fredum* of blood and treaſure, and was afterwards by an honourable treaty in 1783, reſtored to peace and independence.

From *rebels* and *traitors* againſt their ſovereign, (epithets as undeſerved, as they are reproachful,) our valiant and heroic countrymen, with their ſwords, and by their treaſure, paid the price of peace, and were thus transformed into a nation of *Fredes*, or to ſpeak more rhetorically, into a nation of *Fredonians*, whoſe country, of courſe, ſhould be called *Fredonia*. Let any one, who objects to this name for his country, ſuggeſt a better.

A NATIONAL MAN.

Improvements.

FROM A CHARLESTON PAPER.

STEAM SAW MILL.

A SUBSCRIBER near St. Mary's, requeſts us to ſtate, that having heard a good deal of Longſtreets and Griffin's STEAM SAW MILL, ſince in this country, he was induced to examine it, and accordingly went to the town of St. Mary's for that purpoſe—it was at work when he arrived, with much ſeeming regularity, performing about fifty-three or four vibrations per minute, with each ſaw; and paſſing through large pine logs, perhaps twenty inches diameter, at the rate of three quarters of an inch each vibration—and this without loſs of time. He was ſtruck with the apparent ſimplicity of machinery generally, but particularly the Engine itſelf, as wood ſeemed to conſtitute almoſt the whole of it. Indeed there did not appear to be five hundred pounds of iron about the whole Mill and Engine, (though there might be more.) The boiler is entirely wood except the bottom which is copper, and ſo adapted, as to afford an abundance of ſteam for the purpoſes required; and every other part equally plain and comprehenſible. The ſlabs from the logs form four-fifths of the fuel neceſſary for the Mill. He alſo ſtates, that theſe ingenious men have been engaged to build two other Engines, each of which they undertake to inſure capable of ſawing ſix thouſand feet per day.

FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.

COTTON MANUFACTORY.

We underſtand that Mr. Peter Eltonhead, lately from Philadelphia, is about erecting a cotton manufactory near Cannonſburg, upon the moſt improved and extenſive plan—conſiſting of carding machines, mules which will draw from 100 to 144 threads of the fineſt kind, water ſpinning frames, &c. It is hoped that ſo important a branch of manufactures, will meet with the ſupport and encouragement of the citizens of this country, eſpecially now, when cotton can be procured at ſuch reduced prices. The machinery will be in complete operation, in the courſe of next ſummer.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Hudson, *May* 8, 1804.

New-York Election.

MAJORITIES.

	BURR.	LEWIS.
*Columbia,	128	
*Greene,		50
*New-York,	100	
*Albany,	384	
Delaware,	95	
Oneida,		40
*Renſſelaer,		265
Kings,		26
Queens,		257
Richmond,		3
Weſtcheſter,		423
Rockland,		441
Orange,		693
*Ulſter,		458
Schoharie,		460
Otſego,		500

The returns marked with an aſteriſk (*) are correct, the others have been caught from mere report, we cannot therefore vouch for their authenticity.

FIRE.

On Monday of laſt week, a fire broke in a ſmall wooden houſe in Chapel-ſtreet, which threatened to do conſiderable damage; but by the ſpirited exertions of our citizens it was got under without injury to any other building.

We had another alarm of fire on Wedneſday. It proved to be in a large wooden houſe belonging to S. G. Macey, in Warren-Street; but, happily for the citizens of Hudſon, it was diſcovered in ſeaſon to prevent any material damage being done.—This is the ſecond alarm we have had in the courſe of a few days: Should a fire riſe to any height in this ſtreet, it is more than probable that it could not be got under until the whole of it would be laid in aſhes. Therefore, citizens of Hudſon, *be watchful!*

MORE PERSECUTION.

Major I. Alden, of Duxbury, Maſs. who was an officer during the whole of the revolutionary war, has been REMOVED from the Poſt-Office in that place; and a perſon, who has no other claims but being a democrat, appointed to ſucceed him.

MINT ESTABLISHMENT.

The gold, ſilver and copper coins made in the Mint of the United States, in 1803, amount to 370,698 dolls. and 53 cents.—The value of what has been coined ſince the firſt eſtabliſhment of the Mint is 3,931,866 dolls. and 30 cents.——The coſts of the eſtabliſhment, in the whole time, amount to 225,205 dolls. and 73 cents.

The veſſels which are intended to re-inforce the American Squadron in the Mediterranean, are the Preſident of 44 guns, United States 44, Congreſs 38, Conſtellation 38, and John Adams 32. The Mediterranean Squadron at preſent conſiſts of the Conſtitution 44 guns, Argus 18, Syren 18, Enterprize 16, Nautilus 16, and Vixen 14. The whole are to be under the command of Commodore Barron.—The moſt active meaſures, we underſtand, are to be purſued for bringing this injurious warfare to a ſpeady termination.

It is rumoured, with what truth we have yet to learn, that the Attorney-General and Poſt-Maſter-General of the United States, will ſpeedily reſign their offices.

The following is an extract from a letter received by a gentleman in Boſton, which deſcribes a moſt affecting ſcene that the writer witneſſed at the ſales of Negroes in Charleſton.

"Several ſhips crowded with the wretched victims, are now at the wharves. I have been on board them during the hours of ſale, and felt all the horrors which the abominable traffick could inſpire. One ſcene I ſhall never forget; three young girls of the ſame Country, and of the ſame family, who had probably never been ſeparated, who were comparatively happy, even as ſlaves, while together, were brought on deck and one of them ſelected and bought by a planter. With the moſt piercing anguiſh ſhe received her maſter's habiliments, and ſtood ready to leave every thing dear to her. She appeared to be overloaded with horror and diſmay at the ſeparation from her two friends. They looked wiſhfully at her, and ſhe at them. At laſt they threw themſelves into each others arms, and burſt into the moſt piteous exclamations. They hung together and ſobbed and ſcreamed and bathed each other with their tears. At length they were torn aſſunder by the unfeeling whites, and the planter's purchaſe dragged from the Ship.

But at parting, one of the girls took an imulet from her neck, kiſſed it, and hung it on her friend's.—This was too much; I was afraid my emotions would be noticed, and I left the ſpot.

"The Almighty will, at ſome time or other, revenge this inhuman outrage upon the laws of heaven."

There was a conſiderable freſh in the Potomac on Monday laſt—The water roſe to a great height, and moſt of the wharves in George Town were covered. It is with pleaſure we learn very little injury was ſuſtained—And tho' report was buſy in detailing the wonderful ſight in the Potomac: men floating on logs thro' the river crying for ſuccour in vain; horſes, cattle, ſheep and hogs ſwept down the ſtream without the poſſibility of eſcape; veſſels ſinking by the force of whirlpools; fiſhermen carried away entangled in the very nets they had prepared for the finny tribe and a thouſand ſtories equally alarming yet, we find on enquiry there was no foundation for ſuch. It is true, the ſcene at the Little Falls was ſufficiently terrific to have excited a thouſand fears and apprehenſions.—It was at the bridge the greateſt damage was ſuſtained—there the water roſe to a height nearly with the top of the abutment which is 40 feet above the river in common tides—and by its great force carried away what is called the land bridge on the north ſide of the Potomac—but the main arch withſtood its moſt fierce aſſaults.—Large trees and great quantities of timber were born down the river and the ſhores lined with adventurers endeavouring to have fuel for themſelves and their neighbors—and it is with ſatisfaction we ſtate much was ſaved and to day wood has been purchaſed at half the uſual price.

The freſh ſubſided yeſterday—the damage ſuſtained by the bridge company which we underſtand is not great, is the only loſs of any conſequence we have heard of.—The neceſſary repairs will no doubt ſoon be made and the communications reſtored—the interruption however cannot laſt long. [*Waſhigton Federaliſt.*]

The Ex-Baſhaw of Tripoli has written a letter to the Preſident, requeſting a loan of 40,000 dollars, to enable him to regain the Baſhawmanſhip to which he has a legitimate hereditary claim; promiſſing, if he is ſucceſsful, to releaſe all the American priſoners, and repay the money; and offering to give the Americans poſſeſſion of the ſtrongeſt poſt he may have at his diſpoſal, as a guarantee for the faithful performance of his engagements. The Philadelphia had been got into Tripoli. Commodore Barron, it is ſaid, is to command on the Mediteranean ſtation, and it is reported will have orders to aſſiſt the lawful Baſhaw in regaining his rightful power. It is preſumed capt. Barron takes his rank from the date of his commiſſion.

[*Phil, Gaz.*]

MAMMOTH HOG.

A Hog, two years and eight months old, has lately been killed at Bethlem, Conn. which, when dreſſed, weighed *ſeven hundred and eighty-eight* pounds.

NEW INVENTION.

A machine for paring apples has been invented at Lancaſter Penn. 21 apples can be pared in a minute, with a great ſaving.

THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

Extract of a letter from an officer in Lord Nelſon's fleet, dated off Algiers, Jan. 18, 1804.

"On the night of the 15th, the Superb, commanded by Capt. Keats, anchored at Algiers, having Mr. Falcon, the Conſul General on board, and a letter from Lord Nelſon to the Dey, demanding that Mr. Falcon ſhould again be received as Conſul here, and that all the Malteſe who have been lately captured by the Dey's cruizers, ſhould be liberated and given up as Britiſh ſubjects. On the following morning at day-break, a ſalute was fired from the fort, which, however, capt. Keats did not return, but ſent a Lieutenant on ſhore with a letter, to requeſt an audience of the dey, which was accordingly granted. Captain Keats, accompanied by Mr. Scott, Chaplain to Lord Nelſon, who ſpeaks the Arabic fluently, and who acted as interpreter there, waited upon the Dey, and preſented Lord Nelſon's letter, with a ſuitable and ſpirited remonſtrance on the occaſion.—Throughout this interview which laſted nearly an hour, the Dey's conduct was very violent and outrageous, and it concluded with his poſitively refuſing to receive either Mr. Falcon back again, or to give up any of the Malteſe in his poſſeſſion.

"On the 17th, in the morning, our fleet of ten ſail of the line came in ſight of Algiers, when capt. Keats again went on ſhore to wait upon the Dey, who however refuſed to ſee him, he then being buſily employed on the batteries, and after waiting for nearly two hours, capt. Keats returned on board, and on our fleet entering the bay, captain Keats went on board the Victory, and communicated to Lord Nelſon all that had paſſed with the Dey.

"Under theſe circumſtances his Lordſhip did not think it adviſeable to attempt further intercourſe with the Dey, or to make uſe of any threat he was not prepared to realize, as though we could eaſily in a few hours have deſtroyed his whole fleet which was then laying in the Mole, and have knocked down the town about their ears, we might have crippled ſome of our ſhips in ſuch a manner as to render them unable to reſume the blockade of Toulon at this ſeaſon of the year, which was deemed a much more important object at the preſent moment. We therefore to day left Algiers, on our way to Toulon again.

"The whole ſquadron were more diſappointed than I can poſſibly expreſs, at not being permitted to humble the Dey, and extirpate for a time this neſt of pirates. Two hours would have done the buſineſs completely, and I truſt we ſhall one day make the experiment. I am perfectly convinced from my own obſervation, and it was alſo the opinion of the ableſt officers in the fleet, that four ſail of the line would certainly deſtroy all their works, and all their navy in one morning, with very little loſs.—They have indeed a great number of guns mounted on their principal battery, which defends the mole where their fleet is laid up, and it has a formidable appearance from the bay: but, it is ſo injudiciouſly conſtructed, that a line of battle ſhips can anchor upon each flank of it, within half piſtol ſhot, where not a gun could be brought to bear upon them, and in which ſituation they would ſoon lay the whole work in ruins. This work is the ſole defence of the town from the ſea ſide, except an old wall without a ſingle gun mounted upon it, and which a few broadſides would crumble into duſt.

"The garriſon does not amount to above 4,000 ſoldiers (if they can be called ſuch) who have neither diſcipline or courage, and who particularly dread the Engliſh; not only from our naval ſkill, but from ancient prophetic tradition they have among them, and which they all firmly believe "that Algiers is to be taken and deſtroyed by the Engliſh on a Sunday."—The prophecy may be eaſily fulfilled by us whenever we chuſe, and we muſt ſhortly take ſome decided ſteps to humble the Dey, unleſs we are content to pay him tribute like moſt of the other European powers.—No Conſul now can ever be ſent back with honor or ſafety till ſatisfaction is obtained for the inſults we have received.

"The Dey of Algiers is entirely guided by ſome Jew merchants reſiding at Algiers."

Extract of a letter from Aux Cayes, St. Domingo, dated March 18.

"On our paſſage we met ſeveral privateers; but they appeared afraid of us. The French privateers are very numerous in the paſſage; and we muſt fight our way though them. The blacks here ſtill continue to kill all the French whites, men, women and children. Yeſterday, they picked up ſeventy-five of theſe unfortunate people, and laſt night the whole of them were maſſacred. No white perſon, of any nation, dare be ſeen out after ſeven o'clock in the evening. Three days ago, a French privateer ran a ſhore a ſmall diſtance from this place.—The blacks compelled the French Captain to hang his whole crew (60 in number) and then to be his own executioner. The French have inſtructed the blacks in leſſons of blood; and they have proved apt ſcholars. Since this laſt aſſaſſination, the French have ſworn to take all veſſels trading with the blacks, and to put their crews to death. One American crew, I am informed, have already met this, fate! All kinds of American produce here is very high—beef 30 dollars per barrel; pork nearly 40; flour ſeven joes; butter 55 cents per lb.—Cheeſe 20; bacon 55 cents per lb. and dry goods at any price you may ſet them at. Coffee is 7 dollars per hundred. The Black Commander in Chief, and his officers appear much attached to the Americans."

Extract of a letter from Wm. Lee, Eſq. United States Conſul, at Bordeaux, February 16, 1804.

It is impoſſible to give you an idea of the diſtreſſes of the merchants of this city. Credit is totally deſtroyed, and the miſery is depicted in the countenance of every commercial man. What will be the end of this God only knows. I would adviſe all thoſe who adventure this way to ſend out intelligent ſupercargoes, whoſe integrity can be depended on—and if the merchants of the United States were wiſe they would except of no advance by means of facilities on London, or Amſterdam. Remittances on theſe places cannot be made from this at the preſent Criſis without great riſk and uncertainty. I am ſettling all my affairs, and withdrawing my name from commerce entirely in order to live peaceable and happy, and to enable me to give a more effectual protection to thoſe of my fellow citizens who may need my aſſiſtance in my official capaity.

MAYSVILLE, (KEN.) APRIL 5.

ON Monday the ſecond inſt. a ſtrong and well built ſhip, was ſafely launched at Limeſtone, to the extreme gratification of a very large concourſe of people. The enterprize of Mr. Charles Galagher, the entire owner of this veſſel, merits the good wiſhes and patronage of Kentucky.

The benefits to be derived to our country, by the ſhip-building buſineſs, are innumerable, and we cannot withhold the higheſt praiſe to thoſe who thus early teach their fellow citizens the way to wealth. We ought alſo to give every poſſible encouragement to good workmen, as the ſucceſs of this important branch of buſineſs depends materially on them.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday, the 25th ult. Mr. ELIJAH WARNER of Geneſſee, to Miss SALLY BALL, daughter of Major Jonathan Ball of Claverack,

The Wreath.

FOR THE BALANCE.

Mr. Editor,

THE following production of a young gentleman of Connecticut, has never appeared in print. You will oblige a constant reader by inserting it.

DESCRIPTION OF A STORM.

HEAVEN's awful sovereign, whose almighty hand
Holds his dread sceptre o'er the subject land,
Whose piercing eye this globe's extreme pervades,
In noon's broad glare or midnight's gloomy shades,
With hand beneficent, diffuses wide
Fair plenty's boon and swells the boundless tide.
But when audacious guilt and crimes demand
The scourging vengeance of his chast'ning hand,
Then, cloath'd in terror, Heaven's almighty sire
Bares his red arm, and wraps the heavens in fire;
Himself directs the forked bolt that flies
High o'er the blue expanse and blazes through the skies.

Ye tuneful nine, ye sweet celestial choir,
Attune my lay, my daring breast inspire
To paint the terrors of the rushing storm's
Destructive force, that heaven and earth deforms,
O'erturns the feeble props of human trust,
And lays proud structures prostrate on the dust.

Now swiftly past the vertic point of heaven,
His flaming orb had Sol already driven,
When o'er the sky a sudden gloom was spread,
From black'ning clouds, which general terror shed:
With louring fronts, their angry course they held,
From adverse points, by adverse winds impell'd;
Charg'd with their vengeful load of nitrous grain,
Dire exhalations and sulphurous train:
Till in mid heaven, their magazines expire,
And o'er the concave bursts th' imprison'd fire.
While the dark troubled air loud thunder rends,
And down the expanse the forked bolt descends.
The elements in wild confusion hurl'd,
With fierce commotion, shock the astonish'd world.
Meanwhile from heaven, the pendent waters pour,
Commixt with hail, a desolating shower!
Wrapt in red fiery sheets, with wild amaze,
Pale man beholds all ether in a blaze.

Now with dread fury and more dreadful sound
Than winds in subterraneous caverns bound,
(So Maro sings) when Juno's cruel Hate
Urg'd Aeolus t' unfold their prison's gate,
And sweep the sea, where Cytherea's Son
From flaming Troy now sought her rage to shun,
A whirlwind comes, with fury arm'd t' o'erthrow
And level in the dust both high and low.
For nought oppos'd its fury can withstand;
The lofty fabric built by human hand
Disjointed yields, and lofty trees that high
Lift their tall summits tow'ring to the sky,
By the dire fury of the storm o'erborne,
Wrench'd from their roots, whole forests lie o'er thrown.
The trees that bent beneath their yellow load,
Uprooted, prostrate on the earth are strow'd;
Dread dessolation marks the tempest's way,
And stamps with horror this tremendous day.
Those grannaries, for which the fertile soil
Was till'd with labour and unwearied toil
With Ceres' golden gifts to fill, now torn
From their firm bases, prostrate lie o'erthrown;
By the resistless tempest forc'd to yield,
Their treasures fly and strow the distant field.
Thus rag'd the storm, but when th' almighty hand
Calm'd the rough tempest raging o'er the land,
What scenes arise! far as the keenest eye
Can dart its vision, forest prostrate lie:
The smiling trees with various fruitage crown'd,
And golden honors, prostrate strow the ground;
Aghast and pale the aw'd spectators stand,
And view the wonders of th' almighty hand.

Let heedless mortals tremble and adore
The Sire supreme, by whose almighty power
All things created were, whose awful sway
Commands earth's numerous nations to obey!
Whose word omnific form'd this wondrous ball,
At whose command whole empires rise or fall.
While mortals walk in Virtues flowry way,
And homage due to their Creator pay;
While all their views to pure Religion tend,
From ills he'll shield and from want defend.

Diversity.

IN the new play of the Soldier's Daughter, received with very great applause lately in London, Mrs. Jordan in the epilogue, drew forth reiterated peals. The idea of raising a female *army of reserve*, must have excellent effect, and the materials of which this amazonian host was to be composed, excited considerable meriment—the following will amuse our female readers:

"While glory animates each mortal nerve,
Should British women from the contest swerve?
No———
We'll form a *female army of reserve!*
And class them thus—Old maids are *pioneers*—
Widows, *sharp shooters*—Wives are *fuzileers;*
Maids for *battalions*, that's all under twenty,
And as for *light troops*, we have them in plenty!
Vixens the *trumpet blow*, Scolds beat the *drum*,
When thus prepared, what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Would serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
We'll humble France—since British women can
A *firelock* handle as they do a *fan?*"

WONDERFUL SHOOTING.

ENSIGN BURROWS, of the Suffex militia, decided a wager at Brighton, on Wednesday last, which he had made, of a guinea a shot, that he would not miss striking a small apple, which he was to cast from his hand, with his fowling-piece ere it reached the earth: he discharged 24 rounds, the number agreed on, at the little object in the manner specified, of which three only failed in the effect; so that the Ensign's labor to demolish the apple was a clear gain of 13 guineas reward for the excellent skill he had displayed: much money was consequently won and lost on the occasion. [*Lon. pap.*]

FROM THE SALEM GAZETTE.

VICE appears more disgusting in a woman than in a man, The superior whiteness of her character, when compared with the other sex, discovers every spot which it receives. Vice, fastening on a woman, appears in all its malignity—we view it as a "hog in a flower garden." We behold with regret the prostration of whatever is lovely, delicate or beautiful in the human soul.

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